

MRS. NAGG and MR.—

By Roy L. McCardell.

He Never Listens to Her. If He Did He Would Be Better Off!

"DON'T see why the papers make such a fuss about young Mr. Rockefeller's baby, Mr. Nagg. Of course, I know you hold opposite views to what I do, but at the same time you must agree with me that it's nobody's business, is it? I ask you that, is it anybody's business?"

"You didn't bother to read about it, you say? That is just like you. You do not take any interest in your own children, and consequently you take no interest in other people's."

"You never have lost a night's rest with any of your own children, Mr. Nagg? Who is it that is up night after night when the children have a cold or a fever?"

"It must be nice to have all the money you want and not to be bothered with your children, although I wouldn't trust my children to any nurse. I have seen how they take care of children, leaving the poor little things lying in their go-carts with the sun shining right in their eyes for hours and hours!"

"Of course, as I said, it is all right for wealthy people, who never take care of their own children; and when you hear of society people getting divorced the Judges take the children from the mother's servants and give them to the father's servants, except when they take them from the father's servants and give them to the mother's."

"Mrs. Gradley was telling me about some friends of hers who are very wealthy and who live in a magnificent suite of ten rooms at a fashionable hotel. They are really not friends, but her second cousins, only now that the Claghters, for that's their name, have a lot of money they don't recognize Mrs. Gradley."

"But Mrs. Gradley knows their nurse, who is a sister to her hired girl, and the nurse told her that Mrs. Claghter complained to the manager of the hotel about children romping in the hall, and when she ordered them to keep quiet because she had a headache they were impudent to her."

"After she complained it was ascertained that they were her own children. She hadn't seen them for so long she didn't know them and they didn't know her. So she had them gathered up and sent to the country, and only for the nurse informing her that one of the children was riding up and down on the elevator, and gave a belloboy a quarter to find it, she would have shipped them all away except one."

"You are not listening to a word I say, Mr. Nagg! Oh, well, if you choose to treat me with contempt I cannot help it! I do my best, and if you have no regard for my feelings and no love for your children I can do nothing!"

"And yet those dear children of ours are fond of you, Mr. Nagg, and I think it is a shame the way you neglect them! You are quick enough to notice other people's children, you talk about the Rockefeller baby and read everything about it that's printed, and yet what have the Rockefellers ever done for you?"

"I believe in sticking to my own. Blood is thicker than water, and that's what my poor dear papa used to say when he would go to our rich uncle William and ask him to lend him money, which was invariably refused, for, as mamma used to say, 'Go to your friends for advice, to strangers for help and to your relatives for nothing, and you will always get it!'"

"And yet the Rockefellers are strangers to us and they wouldn't give us a thing. It is a shame the way that poor old Mr. Rockefeller is hunted and pursued."

"I was thinking to-day that you might write him a letter that he could come and stay a couple of weeks at our house in disguise. Brother Willie would be such company for him. And then he might be grateful and do something for the children or remember us in his will."

"Nonsense, you say? That's right, insult me, hurt my feelings! Where would you be to-day if you hadn't followed my advice, Mr. Nagg!"

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

Give Us Finery or Give Us Death.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

LAST week a little sixteen-year-old girl tried to commit suicide because she said she had no pretty clothes and saw no use in living. She had been happy so long as she was able to earn \$4.00 a week in a sweetshop, but when it became necessary for her to stay at home to care for a grieving mother, and her personal pittance was cut off, she sought to give up the struggle.

And now she touches the seventh heaven of delight because kind-hearted persons, who read of her plight, have given her new clothes. There is—there must be—a subtle affinity between glad raiment and the Easter season that induces a more than normal melancholy in the woman sentenced to go about in last season's gear. Just two years ago at this time a girl, a little older than last week's would-be suicide, killed herself for precisely the same reason, and headlines were written about her, just as they will be about her successor in public sympathy.

How sad, how infinitely touching, these incidents seem. And yet how inevitably they mark the eternal difference between man and woman.

Would our tears fall, would our breath quicken if on taking up the morning paper we read that Thomas Jones, a youth of sixteen, had attempted suicide because he had to wear his last year's suit of clothes? No, indeed. We would smile contemptuously at the feeble woman soul that had found its way into a man's body. And yet, in the scheme of nature man should care more about clothes than woman.

The livelier iris changing on the burnished dove in springtime is on the male dove, and throughout the entire animal creation it is the male that takes new colors to himself that he may be the more adorable in his bride's eyes.

Man's indifference to clothes must be due to the fact that our utter absorption in them needs a counter-balance.

Few are the housewives that could raise enough money for two resplendent outfits, and the latest presiding over Easter have tempered happily the husband's indifference to the short pocketbook.

In normal seasons womankind has varying wants, some of us craving money, others power and many others love. But just now we all want clothes. And it is small wonder that a little east side child feeling herself at war with the new spring sky and the budding leaves and the freshly flowering April bulbs should have sought succor from the grinding sorrow of a clothesless Easter.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Hair and Health.

ANXIOUS MOTER. To correct premature grayness, massage the hair, using a formula: Look after the general health, seeing to it that you get plenty of exercise and fresh air. The hair may turn brown again, if the health improves. Hydrochloric acid of pilocarpine, six grains; tincture of lobanum, four grains; spirit of rosemary, two grains; yellow vaseline, four ounces, alcohol, four ounces. It must be applied to the scalp every night. Rub it in thoroughly.

Two "Whiteners."

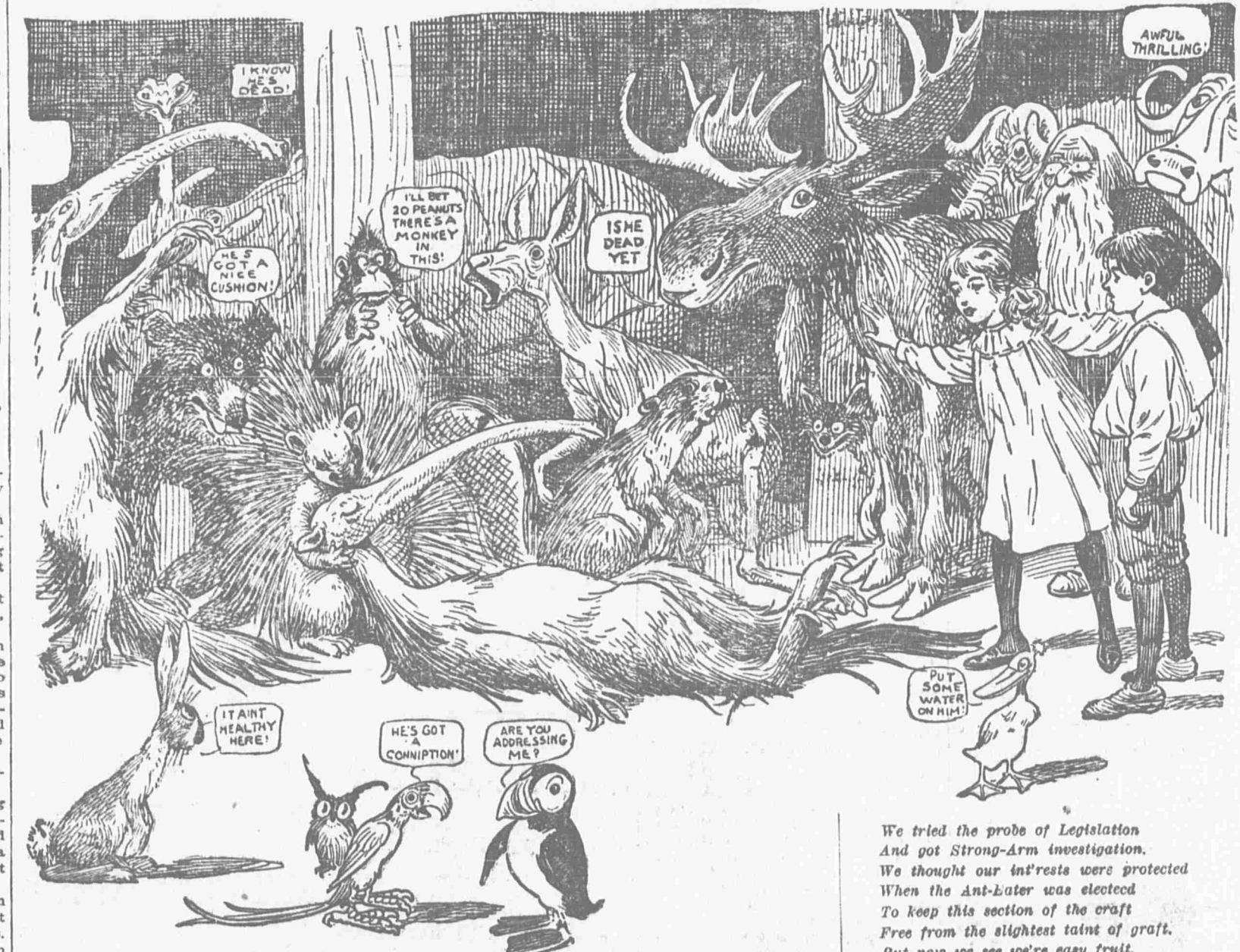
M.—Here are two formulas for whitening the skin: Sweet almond, blanched, 15 ounces; olive, 15 ounces; orris root, 8 ounces; white castile soap, 8 ounces; spermaceti, 11-2 ounces; dried carbonates of soda, 1 ounce; oil of bergamot, 8 drams; oil of lavender, 8 drams; oil of lemon, 8 drams. Grind or beat all the dry ingredients to a fine powder; mix thoroughly, then beat in the oils till they are evenly absorbed. Keep in close jars, excluding light and air. This is very cleansing and whitens and softens the skin. Second formula: Pure oxide of zinc, 1 ounce; glycerine, 1 dram; rose water, 4 ounces; essence of rose, 1 drop. Sift the zinc, dissolving it in just enough of the rose water to cover it, then add the glycerine, next the remainder of the rose water. Shake well and apply with a soft sponge or an absorbent gauze. The face must be well wiped off before the liquid dries or it will be streaked.

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



THE LOG OF NOAH'S ARK Devised and Illustrated By Walt McDougall

(Copyright by Walt McDougall.)



NO. 20—THE ANT-EATER'S IDEA OF DUTY.

... This Log Was Kept by Noah's Third Son, JAPHET, and is Here Turned Into Versified Vernacular by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

March 28, 2345 B. C.

U-DAY the Zoo set up a clatter. We ran to see what was the matter. We found the critters all excited;

Some mad as wrath and some de-lighted. While on the floor all in a heap The Ant-Eater lay fast asleep. He thought our interests were protected When the Ant-Eater was elected To keep this section of the craft Free from the slightest taint of graft. But now we see we're easy fruit. When called upon to prosecute, He fell into a gentle sleep And naught can jar his slumbers deep. Pa says with tears: "I see the Ark's Full as New York of easy marks. Write up your Log, Son, and begin it: 'A Sucker's Born Most Every Minute!'"

(For further particulars see Friday's Evening World, this page.)

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Let her for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 1,854, New York.

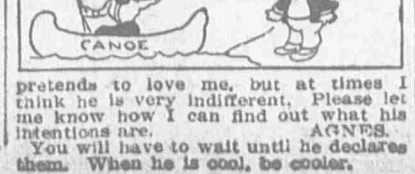
Such a Predicament.

Dear Betty: I HAVE been going with a young girl. I am deeply in love with her, but she does not love me in return, and she has a sister who declares her love for me. What can I do in such a predicament? I only earn a salary of \$8 per week.



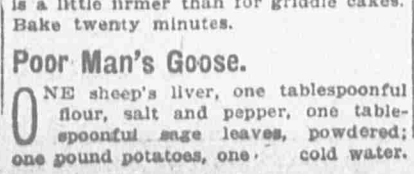
couldn't love two sisters. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness doesn't extend so far. If I were you I would try to love the girl who loved me. He Is Indifferent.

Dear Betty: I AM a young lady, eighteen years of age, and in love with a gentleman twenty-five. I have been going with him for the last six months. And he



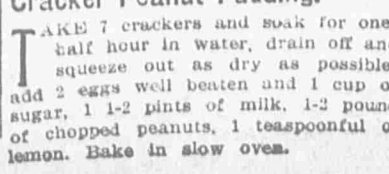
pretends to love me, but at times I think he is very indifferent. Please let me know how I can find out what his intentions are. AGNES. You will have to wait until he declares them. When he is cool, be cooler.

Dear Betty: I AM a young lady, eighteen years of age, and in love with a gentleman twenty-five. I have been going with him for the last six months. And he



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THE NEW PLAY

Benjamin Chapin's "Lincoln" Is a Play for Plain People.

M R. BENJAMIN CHAPIN'S "Lincoln," appropriately housed at the Liberty Theatre, might be called a play for the plain people. In other words, it is not an entertainment for the fancy or Broadway variety of theatregoer, who strives to outdress the gorgeous lady or sartorial "gent" of the stage, and who dotes on something light in the way of a topic to go with the lobster that follows after.

It is with the plain people, who go to the theatre without bothering to "dress," that the fate of "Lincoln" lies, and if it should be bitten by a late frost here, there is good reason for believing that it will find fair weather "on the road."

As a matter of fact, "Lincoln" is not a play at all; it is merely a series of scenes, with no element of unity beyond that furnished by the central character. At the same time, its artless simplicity atones in a great measure for its many crudities, and above all awakens the sympathies. The handkerchiefs that found their way to moist eyes last night proved that Mr. Chapin had succeeded in making the tremendous humanity of the man felt.



Malcolm Duncan and Daisy Lovering, Act. III.

So far as "make-up" went, the actor bore a close resemblance to pictures of the Liberator, but his legs were much more remarkable. They seemed like historical facts. It was probably those legs that led their owner into his rather bold undertaking. When they unfolded it was easy to believe they could go to any length. Mr. Chapin's voice was not to be envied. It betrayed too often a note of weakness. This weakness marked the man in general. The bigness of Lincoln had to be taken for granted. There was too much of the henpecked husband and not enough of the man.

Mr. Chapin might have built a much stronger character and a much bigger play. The scenes seemed pitifully small.

for a man of Lincoln's stature. The attempt to bring out the human, tender side of the man was made at too great a cost. Lincoln was much kinder to his wife than she deserved, although the saving grace of humor was added to Mrs. Lincoln's character. He "chummed" with Little Tad, and he interested himself in the love affairs of two young people, when it seemed he should have been concerned to the last minute with the gigantic affairs on his hands. He brought peace out of the childish



Benjamin Chapin and Maude Granger, Act. IV.

quarrels of Secretary of War Stanton and Gen. Hooker, and he refrained from killing them both on the spot when they told him that Grant, Rosecrans and Meade had sent bad news before showing him telegrams that told of victories all along the line.

Cheap comedy hurt the play in more than one place, but some of Lincoln's quaint humor was introduced to good purpose. His halting awkwardness was its own reward when he remarked, "I once stepped on a lady's train, but she was so far off that I couldn't apologize."

The moralizing over Mrs. Lincoln's millinery bill might well be cut, also a soliloquy on the flag before Lincoln goes out to meet his death at Ford's Theatre. There is very little of the theatre in the play, however, and Mr. Chapin is to be particularly commended for refraining from treating the character in a sensational manner. Miss Maude Granger, in hoop skirts, was a more than ample Mrs. Lincoln. Francis McGinn kept Secretary Stanton in a constant state of indignation; Miss Daisy Lovering played an ingenue role acceptably; Malcolm Duncan was a manly young lover, and Master George Clarke played Little Tad cleverly. "Lincoln," taken as a series of sketches, is interesting, even moving at times, and it teaches a simple lesson in patriotism, if nothing else.

CHARLES DARTON.

One Virtue of the Auto.

THE crowning glory of automobile touring lies in the demand it has created, in all parts of the world where motor-cars are being used for pleasure or business purposes, for good roads. Here in America the good roads movement, within recent years, has become a question of national importance. With the exception of a few States, notably New Jersey and Massachusetts, the subject of better roads was the last thought that gave the legislators the least particle of trouble, says Outing. The Automobile Club of America in its younger days expended a tremendous amount of argumentative energy in endeavoring to convince the lawmakers of New York that money expended on good roads was a good business investment. Their appeals brought out a few thou-

sand dollars, somewhat grudgingly given. Finally the generous sum of \$100,000 was appropriated, and at the forthcoming election a constitutional amendment will be presented to the voters providing that the State may bond itself for \$5,000,000 for ten years for the building of improved wagon roads. Agitation has been productive of similar good results in other States.

Who Could Ask More?

IN a certain saloon in the centre of the city there is a bartender whose knowledge of things not strictly in the line of his profession is just a trifle limited, says the Philadelphia Ledger. One day the proprietor of the saloon said, noticing his poor methods: "Joe, you've no system." The bartender slipped around to one of his colleagues and whispered: "Pat, look, your system—the old man wants one."

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

POINTED yokes make exceedingly attractive features of many of the most charming of the season's blouses. This is one combined with a shirred lower portion, and is eminently graceful and well adapted to the fashionable soft and crumpled fabric. As shown, it is made of handkerchief linen with trimming of Valenciennes lace, but it can be utilized for such soft silks as tulle, Adria and the like, as well as for cotton and linen materials. A yoke of plain material, inset with medallions and insertion, as is this one, is always attractive, but it can be out from any all-over material if better liked. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 yards 21, 23-4 yards 27 or 11-2 yards 44 inches wide with 6 yards of insertion to make as illustrated, 5-3 yard 18 inches wide for the yoke when cut from contrasting material, 11-8 yards if yoke and deep cuffs both are used. Pattern 5316 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.



Pointed Yoke Blouse Waist—Pattern No. 5316.

How to Obtain These Patterns Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.